Songs of the dawn, and Irish ditties - Primary Source Edition

Teresa Brayton

Songs of the dawn, and Irish ditties - Primary Source Edition

Teresa Brayton

Nabu Public Domain Reprints:

You are holding a reproduction of an original work published before 1923 that is in the public domain in the United States of America, and possibly other countries. You may freely copy and distribute this work as no entity (individual or corporate) has a copyright on the body of the work. This book may contain prior copyright references, and library stamps (as most of these works were scanned from library copies). These have been scanned and retained as part of the historical artifact.

This book may have occasional imperfections such as missing or blurred pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were either part of the original artifact, or were introduced by the scanning process. We believe this work is culturally important, and despite the imperfections, have elected to bring it back into print as part of our continuing commitment to the preservation of printed works worldwide. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections in the preservation process, and hope you enjoy this valuable book.

TERESA BRAYTON

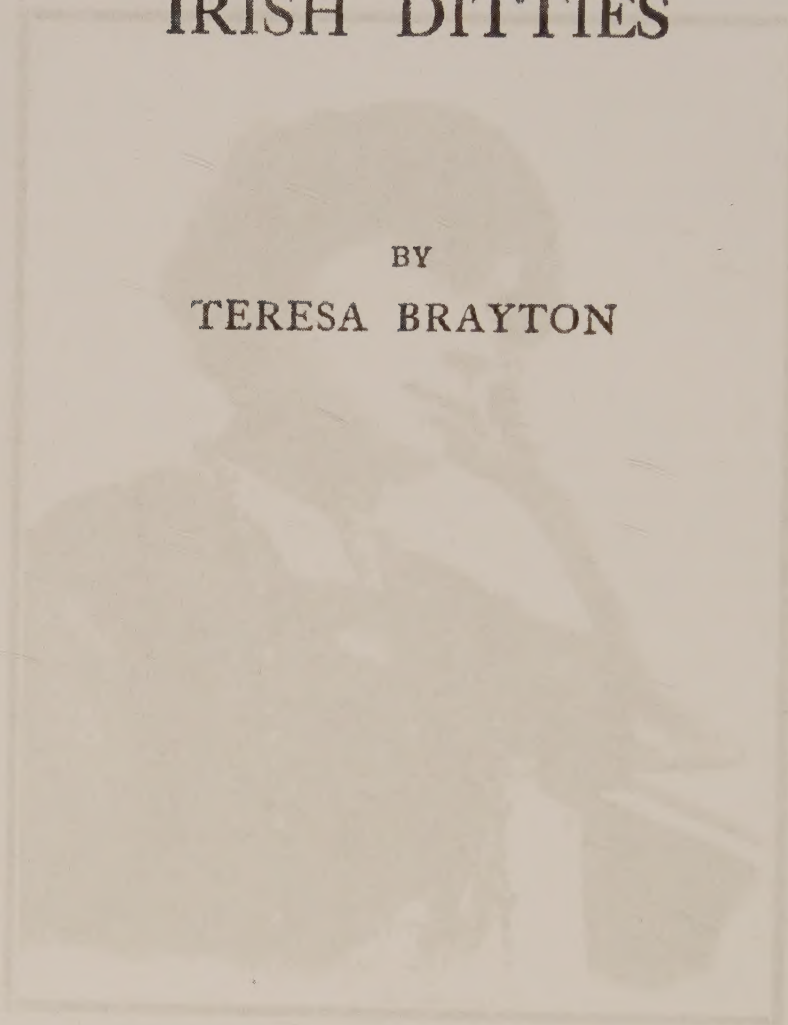
SONGS OF THE DAWN

AND

IRISH DITTIES

BY

TERESA BRAYTON



NEW YORK
P. J. KENEDY & SON
1913

Copyright, 1913,
BY
TERESA BRAYTON

PS
3503
B737s

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Inscription 1
Ancient Race, The..... 79
As the Bands Go By..... 67
At the Foot of the Hill..... 42
Boy from County Down, The..... 19
Bonfire Night in Ireland..... 88
Christmas Gift, A..... 10
Carrickdhu 59
Cuckoo's Call, The..... 83
Christmas Song, A..... 53
Croppies' Grave, The..... 11
Connaughtman's Rambles, The..... 56
Cappagh Hill 65
Fishing 37
Fiddler Phil 69
Hunting the Wren..... 36
Irish Rank and File... 30
Independence Day 51
In the Spring o' the Year..... 74
Jerry Connor's Forge..... 28
Joggin' Into Naas..... 34
Kerry 14
Kildare 45
Limerick 64
Missin' the Childher..... 20
Mayo 7
Noggin of Buttermilk, A..... 66

PAGE

Old Land, The 40
Old Boreen, The 47
Old County Clare 22
Oh, Isle of Mine 23
Old North Wall of Dublin, The 55
Our Martyred Three 58
Old Fireside, The 61
Old Bog Road, The 77
Old Road Home, The 91
Patsy Maguire 49
Parnell 75
Place Where I'm Wanting to Be 27
Roadway of My Heart, The 6
Robert Emmet 16
Rosary Time 33
Rocky Road to Dublin, The 43
Roll Back the Stone 84
Songs of the Dawn 2
Sod from Galway, A 25
Spring Memory, A 38
Takin' Tay at Riellys' 72
Thrampin' Down to Sligo 86
When I was Leaving Ireland 63
When Mike Came Back 71
A Dhoc an Dhorris 92

SONGS OF THE DAWN.

INSCRIPTION.

UNTO my own, the Irish, I send with smiles and tears
This little book of melodies caught from the flying years;
With all the love within me and all the best I know
I'd call them back o'er many a track to lands of long ago.

The cuckoo's call in Springtime, the thrush's song at morn,
The rainy winds that whispered across the ripening corn,
The little daisies clustering where all their kindred sleep,
I'd bring them back o'er memory's track, though seeing were to weep.

For O, my kindred Irish, more tears than smiles we know
Whose feet across the nations still wander to and fro.

But maybe when the wistful shades from those old
scenes are drawn
You'll hear through all the homeward call of
Ireland's Songs of Dawn.

SONGS OF THE DAWN.

" SING us a song of the Dawn," we cried,
" For night drags wearily by
With never a star and the winds blow wide
Through the leaden depths of the sky."
Then one with a dream in his eyes arose,
" I'll chant ye a rhyme," said he,
" Of the Irish dawnings of gold and rose
Remembered by you and me."

Silvery shimmer of crystal dews, murmur of dark-
ling woods,
Stir of a wet wind moving abroad in the high hills'
solitudes;
Flutter of wings in the hawthorn hedge, one golden
note long drawn,
Then, hush, hush, 'tis the thrush, aye 'tis the thrush
and the Dawn.

Dawn, dawn, dawn, from the doorway of night she
slips,
Dawn, dawn, dawn. God's mystic hush on her lips,

Slow moving on to her woodland herald with glimmering veils undrawn,
Over the edge of the whirling world she cometh, the Dawn, the Dawn.

Dripping with honey and fragrance, fraught with the passion of life
With the ache of the soul's deep places, the call of a new day's strife,
With tears and laughter and longing for things from our ways withdrawn,
While the stars swing back from her misty track, she cometh, the Dawn, the Dawn.

Oh, sure if the earth were piled this hour o'er our senseless forms of clay
Somehow we would thrill to the pulse of her, our Irish Dawn o' the day,
We would feel and stir in our sleeping where the curtains of death are drawn
When the wee brown thrush on the hawthorn bush sang out—" 'tis the Dawn, the Dawn."

We would stir and wake for her beauty's sake for the gold of the highest star
Hath never a wonder warm and close as the hues of her coming are,
And the Angel of rest at His Lord's behest where the astral shades are drawn
Would whisper,—" Hush, 'tis the little brown thrush and the Dawn, Dawn, Dawn."

The voice of the singer in silence died
And no man spoke for a space
For each was afar on some green hillside
In the olden home of his race,
Then, dashing a tear from his furrowed cheek,
A veteran bronzed and grey
Cried " Yea, 'tis the sob of our souls ye speak.
But what of that other great Dawn we seek—
The Dawn of our Freedom's Day? "

O, we leaped to our feet with a wild fierce cry,—
'Tis the Dawn, Dawn, Dawn,
God's finger is tracing it o'er our sky where the long,
long night hath gone.
The stars are drenched with the glory of it and
suns in its wake are drawn
As out of the heart of the Infinite it cometh, our
Dawn, our Dawn.

Dawn, Dawn, Dawn! O, red is that break of day
For the blood of a million veins has fed its stream
of light on the way;
Its heralding song was the centuried crash of steel
upon vengeful steel
And the trusty pike and the musket's flash are the
spokes of its chariot wheel.

O'er broken gibbets and bitter graves, o'er ruins
of home and shrine,
From God's own Face to His faithful race it
beareth a sacred sign

Fraught with the Truth that alone survives when
the last earth fetter is gone,
Down the bloody rack of the centuries' track it
cometh, our Dawn, our Dawn.

With the awful wisdom of sorrow, yea, and the
passion of deathless life,
With Faith that has seen its promised day and joy
of a gaining strife;
With sobbing of prideful laughter for days that
are dead and gone
O'er the clearing path of an outlived wrath it
cometh, our Dawn, our Dawn.

O, lay we to-day in the shrouding clay we would
hark to its bugle call
And our bones would wake with their fiery ache to
follow its free foot-fall,
For the Angel of Victory poised on high o'er the
currents of time and fate
Would thrill the spheres with his gladsome cry
when the gods had unbarred its gate.
We would feel the surge of that upward urge
though dark were the death shades drawn
And the deepest deep could not bar our leap to the
Dawn, Dawn, Dawn."

THE ROADWAY OF MY HEART.

A BIG road circles round the world, sure fine it is they say,
But the little boreen of my heart runs lone and far away.
'Tis winding over weary seas with many a sigh beset
But O, of all the roads I know it is the dearest yet.

By common ways and common homes and common graves it goes
But no one knows its beauty like the soul within me knows;
Its dawns are drenched with dews from heaven, its nights are tearful sweet,
And sometimes One long crucified walks there to guide my feet.

It leads me down by purple hills where fairies sport o' nights
It shows me many a hawthorn lane, the scene of dead delights,
It clothes again with living fire the faces laid away
Beneath the cold of grass and mould, my road of yesterday.

O' twilit boreen of my heart, the world is vague and vast
But you are holy with the balm of all my hallowed past;

You thrill me with the touch of hands my hands
were wont to hold,
You lure me with the lilt of dreams I dreamed and
lost of old.

The big road of the world leads on by many a
stately town,
But the little boreen of my heart keeps ever drifting
down
By common ways and common graves and common
homes, but Oh!
Of all the roads in life it is the sweetest road I
know.

MAYO.

THE wild waves thunder for evermore at the feet
of her standing there
With the storm clouds lightning laden above the
scarps of her mountains bare;
But the sun on her heart is golden and the tenderest
rain mists go
Like whispers of God o'er her sacred sod our Queen
of the west, Mayo.

The blood in her veins is vibrant with the pride of a
mighty race
And the deeds and souls of her deathless dead shine
out from her fearless face,

And though the wiles of her witcheries are soft as
an April snow
With a burning flame hath she seared her name on
the hearts of her foes, Mayo.

Yea, though her sons are scattered afar to the utter-
most winds of heaven
And the sword of a million agonies the core of her
soul hath riven,
Seek not for a broken spirit there, a weeper in hope-
less woe,
But a Watcher who waits with wide flung gates for
her own to come back, Mayo.

Seek not for a suppliant kneeling low to the lords
of a Saxon land—
Mayo to kneel while the world holds steel to grasp
in her fighting hand—
O, no, by Heaven, that world shall fall and the sun
from its orbit go
Ere knee she'll bend to stranger or friend for the
Rights that she claims, Mayo.

Then roll the call from her battlements o'er the
clamor of winds and waves,
Here is place for the free and fearless, yea, but
never a home for slaves,
Here's the open hand and the open heart for those
who her love would know
But the crashing might of her arm to smite the foes
of her hearth, Mayo.

Here's the welcoming word and the kindly way, the
laugh and the voice of cheer,
Here is faith to the nation in life and death and a
courage that knows no fear;
Here's the mind to plan and the will to dare and the
veins that are all aglow
With the passionate leap of souls that sweep to the
front of the fray, Mayo.

O, holy her sod as a dream of God and sweet are
her home-lit ways,
And the wind blown heights of her mountains thrill
to the glory of greater days;
With the storm clouds lightning laden above and
the thunderous seas below
She stands in the strait where the lords of Fate have
willed her to reign, Mayo.

To reign till the utmost heavens are rolled like a
scroll in the Maker's hand
For the stars are bright with her destiny, its pulse is
quick in the land;
O, Watcher, who waits with wide flung gates for
the home turned tides to flow
Look up to the dawn for the night has gone and
Day's in the east, Mayo.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

WHAT Christmas gift shall I send you, Mother,
What Christmas gift shall I send to you?
Too poor am I to befriend you, my Mother,
And my notes of praising are faint and few.
But I'll send you my heart's love, Erin, my Mother,
My love and the sob of a homesick cry,
That God will yet lead me back to you, Mother,
If only to die.

O, sure I am haunted by visions forever,
Of you in all weathers from laughing spring,
When primrose blossoms are all aquiver,
And winds go swift as a swallow's wing,
To the beautiful summers with which God crowned you,
When first He called you from starry space
And throned you queen of the waters round you,
His glory lighting your face.

But lovely and dear to our hearts forever,
Sure yours is the beauty that grows not old,
The steadfast hope and the high endeavor,
The faith and the dreams that will always hold.
And I'll pray you'll be true to your destined promise,
True to the soldiers that fought your fight,
True to that faith never foe took from us.
For truth shall reach to right.

Aye, I'll pray that the teachings by Patrick given
  Will help and keep you through ill and good,
Till some fair morn the Lord in Heaven
  Will send you the crown of your nationhood.
Nor alone am I in my prayers, mavourneen,
  Love of a race that is scattered afar,
There are tears and prayers for your weal this morning,
  Wherever your exiled children are.

Sure the dust of our dead is laid in your bosom,
  With the hopes and the joys that our childhood knew,
And all in our lives of beauty and blossom
  Is shrined in the bygone there with you.
Then this is my gift to you Christmas morning,
  My love and the sob of a homesick cry,
That God will yet lead me back to my "stoirin,"
  If only to die.

THE CROPPIES' GRAVE.

'Tis under the Lia Fail they lie, quiet and lone and still,
Where the winds of the world are roaming o'er the summits of Tara hill;
Quiet and still and lonely with the things that have ceased to be,
'Tis under the Lia Fail they lie, the Stone of our destiny.

Under the Lia Fail, O God, where the throne of
our kings was set,
And even the mould remembers the days of their
glory yet;
Under the Lia Fail that lifts its shoulder above the
sod
Like some high beacon of majesty that summons
the eye of God.

O, lonely it is in Tara where the beating of rain is
known,
And only the kine are sentinels by the place of our
Crowning Stone;
Where down in the dreary darkness of things that
have ceased to be
Our murdered Croppies are lying 'neath the Stone
of our destiny.

King and soldier and lordly knight, turret and door
and hall,
Bard and lover and lady bright, what lives of your
life at all?—
A marking ridge in the sheathing grass, a mound by
the Lia Fail
And a wind going by like a Banshee's cry o'er the
broken dreams of the Gael.

Aye, but that wind of Tara has swept over Aileach's
hall,
And the four high roads of the world that have
known the deeds of us all;

It has kissed Ramillies and Fontenoy, it has swung
through a dawning's flame
O'er a grave in the heart of Dublin that waits for
a hero's name.

Behold, 'tis a mightly signal, that Stone of our
destiny,
Sealing the Erin of ancient days to an Erin that is
to be,
And where could a faithful Croppy find holier rest-
ing place
Than here where the winds of Tara are blowing
above his face?

'Tis under the Lia Fail they lie, quiet and lone and
still,
'Neath the crowning place of an Ard Righ on the
summit of Tara Hill;
And sure 'twas a fitting burial, for king of his race
is he
Who flings his life on the altar stone of his country's
liberty.

KERRY.

O, 'TIS over beyant in Kerry the roots of my heart are set,
And 'tis over beyant in Kerry the dreams of my life are yet,
Sure the spirit was broken in me that desolate winther's morn
When I turned away from ye, Kerry, where I and my race was born.

The sun was hid in the heavens, the wind with a wild unrest
Was moanin' among the shadows, a rain cloud swung in the west;
There was no glimmer of brightness, no shinin' on earth or sky
When I kissed the sod of ye, Kerry, in a long and a last good-bye.

Ochone, ochone for ye Kerry, if wishes were sails and ships,
'Tis I would be speedin' to you with songs of joy on my lips.
Sore sick of the exile's rovin' I'd go where my youth was passed
To ease the ache in my bosom and sleep with my own at last.

My hands are so weary of toilin' always on the
sthranger's floor,
There are no smiles on the faces I see by the
sthranger's door.
'Tis little for me they're carin' and little of them I
know
And the core of my heart is lonesome for Kerry and
long ago.

For the old thatched home of my father, the turf
fires warm and bright,
The pleasant song and the story when neighbors
dhropped in at night,
The wild bogs purple with heather, the ring of the
crossroads set
For dancin' on summer evenin's to tunes that I can't
forget.

Sure all day long I am lookin' at pictures like
these instead
Of the busy wonderful city where I earn my scanty
bread,
Thinkin' 'tis whitewashed cabins I'm seein' on
Broadway sthreet,
And the old road down to Killarney undher my
achin' feet.

Oh, nowhere in all the world is the grip of a hand
so thrue,
Or the lilt of a laugh so cheerin' as Kerry, asthore,
with you.

Misty with rain and sunshine, and filled with songs
of the sea,
Like fairy music at midnight, you're callin' the heart
from me.

Callin' and hauntin' and callin', like the ghost of my
mother gone,
While every vein of my Irish heart leans out to you
dark and dawn.
O, home of the silver wathers, kingly and kind and
thrue,
God bless you old County Kerry, for He never made
match for you.

ROBERT EMMET.

"My lamp is almost extinguished and I go to my
grave," he said,
"There let me lie in oblivion, a nameless stone at
my head,
The charity of their silence I ask from my fellow
men
Till Erin, a Nation, leaps to life from the ashes of
death again."

And they gave him the boon he craved for, a grave
in a quiet place,
The grave that has been the Mecca of all the hearts
of his race

In the track of their ceaseless wanderings, those Ishmaels faring forth
To set the seal of their hand and heel on all the nations of earth.

Outside in the heart of Dublin is the street where his gallows stood,
And those that have ears to hear may list to the drip of his ghostly blood
At the meeting of night and morning when Dawn like a priestess flings
The mystic star of her breast ajar to the soul of unburied things.

Behold the vision before you, what see you,—a hangman's rope
Or a life to redeem our manhood set high on the hills of hope?
What see you,—a young head severed in the name of a hated law
Or set in his country's coronet a jewel without a flaw?

O, Emmet, our unforgotten, though lone be your grave to-night
The hands of a million earnest men are ready your name to write.
The hands of a million fighting men are waiting with flags unfurled
To set your name like a sword of flame o'er all the names of the world.

Above the fetters of ages, o'er ruin and shame and
blood
Behold the star of our promise glows white on the
heights of God,
For never was life of martyr or dream of a hero
cast
In the alchemy of the centuries but blossomed to
life at last.

"With other men and with other times let my
reckoning be," he said,
And lo, upon Erin's battlements the feet of the
Dawn are red.
On the dial of Time and destiny the hour of our
Fate is shown,
Now who of the Gael shall faint or fail to stand
by that nameless stone?

Fling back the tears from your faces and swear by
his grave again
And swear by the broken body that died that you
might be Men,
By our hope of a freemen's future and the tears of
our tortured past
That Emmet's name like a sword of flame shall lead
us to light at last.

THE BOY FROM COUNTY DOWN.

A BOY with the dreams of a man was he, a lad from
a lonesome place,
And he turned away from his family the width of
the world to face;
Light of pocket and heavy of heart he started from
Newry town
And his soul grew sick as he paused to part from the
meadows of County Down.

He set his bundle beside the road and looked with
a sob of pain
To the Mourne mountains and all abroad where he
never might come again;
Then plucking a primrose from the hedge, for
Spring was green on the sod,
He fared away on his wanderings with his fate in
the hands of God.

O, many a tear did his mother weep in Rosaries
said for him
And his father's sorrow looked wide and deep from
eyes that were growing dim,
But the boy who parted from County Down was
out in the world of men
Seeking the wealth in a far off town that should
carry him home again.

* * * * * * * * * *

Then when the hair on his head was white and the
step of him faint and slow
Said he " 'tis back by the morning's light to the land
of my youth I'll go,
" Though my parents both in the graveyard be and
the noon of my life is set
" Sure County Down is the same," said he, " and
the mountains are standing yet."

He journeyed back from the world of men and the
soul of him leaped with joy
To see the Mourne mountains again and the fields
where he roamed a boy.
But sure he had toiled to the doors of doom in
many a far off town
And he died when the primrose buds were in bloom
by the hedges of County Down.

MISSIN' THE CHILDHER.

WHIN daylight fades from the cabin floor
And night winds stir in the big ash three,
'Tis meself sits lonesome beside the door,
Missin' the childher that's gone from me.
Matt and Mary and Patsy and Mike,
My three sthrong boys and my girleen dear;
Sure, 'tis only a few short days belike
Since I saw thim plavin' around me here.

Kind and dacint and aisy to rear,
The bate of my childher was not on earth;
And the only sorrow they made me bear
Was an impty house and a silent hearth.
But sure with so many to clothe and keep,
And nothin' behind whin rint was due,
I made no moan whin they crossed the deep,
But God and His Mother—They knew, They knew.

My Mary's a sarvint in Boston town,
And Mike and Matt are away out West;
While Patsy, the rover, sthrays up and down,
Wherever the foot of him likes it best.
But never a wan of thim fails to write
With the monthly money and news go leor;
But, och, 'tisn't money I want to-night,
But my four fine childher about the door.

Mary keeps sayin', " In spring, plase God,
I'll be landin' back to you safe and sound;
For nowhere is good as the good old sod,
And no one like you in the four seas round.
Sure, I'm cravin' a whiff of turf fire smoke,
And a sight of my mother so snug and sweet,
In her white-frilled cap and her big blue cloak,
That bate all the fashions in Boston Sthreet."

O, Mary, my girleen, never at all
Do I be spakin' of pain or ache;
But at night whin the corncrakes call and call
My heart goes wild for my darlins' sake

When shadows lie on the lonesome floor,
  And night winds stir in the big ash three,
Thin I sit by meself at the open door,
  And cry for the childher that's gone from me.

OLD COUNTY CLARE.

O, BANNACHT Dhia leath go bragh old County
  Clare to you.
From the roads that go by Ennis to the streets of
  Killalo.
'Tis many a day I wandered there and drove my
  donkey's cart
By rows of hawthorn hedges that are scenting
  all my heart.

God made your face so beautiful and fashioned
  you so sweet,
No wonder I am longing for your sod beneath my
  feet.
No wonder I am wearying where dust and dryness
  be
For a windy April morning on the headlands of
  Kilkee.

O, Bannacht Dhia leath go bragh to all the ways I
  knew
From the roads around by Ennis to the streets of
  Killalo;

'Tis I'll be going back some day to see the hawthorns there
And rest my weary bones with you, Oh good old County Clare.

OH, ISLE OF MINE.

Oh, Isle of mine where the seas are sighing,
'Tis you are searing my soul with pain;
'Tis you are holding me, live or dying,
With the grip of a loving that loves in vain.
For though the clouds in your skies are massing
Soft rains to fall on your breast like dew,
The stars above in their age long passing
Are marking the roads that I go from you.

Oh, Isle of mine where the sunset lingers
With soft sweet kisses on leaf and sod,
As though 'twas fearing to loose its fingers
From things so dear to the heart of God.
Oh, tender Isle, where the Dawn comes breaking
The mists before her with slow footfall,
Sure the inmost core of my soul is aching
To sit beside you and know it all.

Oh, brave old Isle, with your face undaunted
Set skywards still where the winds are free,
Sure many a man by your loving haunted
Is walking alone through the lands like me.

Aye, dreaming we are of trusty rifles
To voice our hate for your foes outhurled,
But the stranger's toil at our elbow stifles
The cries that we fling you across the world.

Oh, Isle of mine where the ancient glories
Of ages linger by hill and dell,
The harper's song and the Druid stories,
The old traditions that poets tell.
Sure never a stranger's hand could fashion
A love to better the love we knew,
Whose faith and fancy and hope and passion
Oh, Grah Machree, we have left with you.

Oh, Isle of mine, where the winds are beating
A mystic tally of things to be,
The stars above in their nightly greeting
Are telling a wondrous tale to me.
" Behold," they cry, and their acclamation
Is echoed again from the Throne Divine,
" You shall kiss the feet of her yet, a Nation,"—
Oh, Soul of the soul of me, Isle of mine.

A SOD FROM GALWAY.

'Tis a bit of earth, mavourneen, just a bit of Galway clay,
That I've borne in my bosom many a weary night and day,
For I thought whin lavin' Ireland I could aisier toil and rest
With this bit of poor owld Galway treasured here upon my breast.

'Deed you needn't laugh, alanna, when you're eighty years I vow
You'll have many a whim and fancy that you'd never dhrame of now,
But not bein' born in Galway 'tis a mysthery out to ye
How such lovin' thoughts are cinthered in a bit of earth for me.

Often whin the heartache's on me and I'm grievin' for the past,
Out I dhraw it from its hidin' closin' down my eyelids fast,
And it sweeps me off in fancy like a sudden flash of light,
To the breezy plains of Connaught with the brown hills left and right.

There I see the town and river with the white road
windin' by,
And the hills of Connemara lift their foreheads to
the sky;
Every neighbor's house I visit, every field and farm
I see,
And the wans long dead and buried live and laugh
again with me.

When I close my eyes in airnest never more to
open thim,
And you'll know the Lord has called me home to
Heaven and rest and Him,
Will you place within my coffin where my heart-
bates used to be,
By my beads and Cross, alanna, this, and I will
pray for ye.

Thin I'll sleep as calm and aisy as if restin' with
my own
In that owld graveyard in Galway by my father's
burial stone,
Just as if the earth above me was as green with
wavin' grass,
And the Connacht neighbors steppin' to and from
the Sunday's Mass.

And I'll have no fear of risin' whin the Angel
sounds his call,
With my native earth about me I can foot it with
thim all,

Takin' rank amongst my people in the Judgment
Hall of God,
I'll be neither odd nor lonesome with my bit of
Galway sod.

Wirra, but 'tis hard I'm dying, poor and owld this
blessed day,
Me that once had full and plenty long ago and far
away;
But sure betther died afore me, and I'll be no worse
with God
That my very heart sthrings tighten round a bit of
Galway sod.

THE PLACE WHERE I'M WANTING TO BE.

WHERE swallows are skimming and wheeling above
an old roof that I know,
And little winds weary of stealing the scent of the
clover swing low,
Where cowslips droop down in the meadow too
drowsy with sweetness to see
My soul flitting by with the shadows, 'tis there
where I'm wanting to be.

Where dawning comes down in the valleys like
saint from the footstool of God,
A thousand wild airs in her chalice to whisper
across the green sod,

Where thrushes are dreamily chanting love songs
in the sycamore tree
That shelters the place of my wanting the home
where I'm wishing to be.

There's beauty enough for the finding through
earth from the east to the west,
But little of that am I minding who love my own
country the best;
For her rain haunted skies and no other have heal-
ing and magic for me,
And I cry for the breast of my Mother, the place
where I'm wanting to be.

JERRY CONNOR'S FORGE.

By the crossroads of Knockallen where the bog and
upland meet,
There's a tidy row of houses that the neighbors
call "the street";
It is free and independent, though it pays its tax
to George,
For it runs its own Home Parliament in Jerry
Connor's forge.

In the quiet dusk of evening, when the iron hammer
rings,
That mighty song of labor that has raised and
routed kings,

The members take their places, with their backs
against the wall,
And who but Jerry Connor should be leader of
them all.

For the tangles of Westminster there's little
patience there,
Where State affairs are settled in the shoeing of a
mare;
And bills that Whig and Tory view with sinking of
the heart
Are fixed while Jerry rims the wheel of Kelly's
donkey cart.

'Tis there the Kaiser's law is scorned, the Czar is
roundly cursed,
And every ruling head declared no better than the
worst,
When the world around, from China to the
Rockies' farthest gorge,
Is tried before the Parliament in Jerry Connor's
forge.

Pat Murphy is Conservative, and likes to hold his
views,
Apart from other people's, like the bluest of the
"blues";
So when "you're right there, Jerry, lad," arises
from the throng,
He'll croak: "Bedad ye may be right—but then
ye may be wrong."

Mat Reilly is a Socialist, Jim Byrne stands for peace,
But little Billy Hennessy has little time for these,
With five feet two drawn up to look like six he'll fiercely cry—
"Thank God, I'm still a Fenian, boys, and not afraid to die."

So though Westminster debates Home Rule for Erin still,
It long has passed the Parliament beside Knockallen hill;
Where destinies of nations, from the Caesars down to George,
Are settled while a mare is shod in Jerry Connor's forge.

THE IRISH RANK AND FILE.

Aye, give them a foremost place to-day, when you honor your patriot dead.
With your bravest and best, Columbia, let the tale of their deeds be read;
Chant forth in exultant chorus their annals so grandly true—
The rank and file of our mother isle who died in the dark for you.

They came from the hills of Erin away from a tyrant's ban,
Seeking a home on your kindlier shore, where a man may be a man;
Holding your friends as chosen friends, your foes as their hated foes,
Faithful to death in blood and breath were those loyal Mac's and O's.

What matter if now your history's page record not the names they bore?
To the corps of your Irish regiments be glory for evermore;
For shamed defeat nor craven retreat feared ye when their lines swung forth
From the torrid scenes of the Philippines to your farthest outpost north.

Sure they drew it out of their mother's breasts—that love of a righteous strife,
That ceaseless striving for Liberty, the crown of a white man's life.
And where could their high ideal be found in a shackled earth,
But here by your side, Columbia, whom the war gods blest in birth?

In the mould of forgotten burial grounds the dust of their dead hands lies,
And silence hangs on the battle fields once stirred by their charging cries.

They sought no guerdon but victory, as they fell in a common pile,
Unknelled, unknown, but their duty done—the Irish rank and file.

Then give them a foremost place to-day; for your summit of greatness stands
By the blood of their veins cemented, the work of their resting hands;
And the rags of those tattered war flags they carried through flame and scars
Shine forth this hour in the strength and power of your glorious Stripes and Stars.

Columbia, Queen of the Western Gate, whose bountiful hands outspread
To the exiled poor of the older lands give succor of peace and bread.
We ask no boon but the best you have, the highest you ever knew,
For the rank and file of our ancient isle who has given its best to you.

ROSARY TIME.

At the fall of the night in Ireland when Spring in the land is fair,
At the fall of the night in Ireland when passionate June is there,
When woods are ruddy in Autumn or hoary with winter's rime,
At the fall of the night in Ireland 'tis Rosary time.

With book and beads in her fingers the mother goes to her place
The holy candle beside her, the peace of God in her face,
And out of their chosen corners the voices of children chime
At the fall of the night in Ireland, at Rosary time.

Outside the song of the robin is hushed in his sheltered nest,
The wind with a rainy sweetness is sighing itself to rest,
The world with her old time longing swings low to a minor rhyme
At the fall of the night in Ireland, at Rosary time.

Oh, many a dream of beauty shines up from the lowest sod
And many a golden duty binds men to the feet of God,

But the sorest passion of living is stilled to a chord
sublime
At the fall of the night in Ireland, at Rosary time.

JOGGIN' INTO NAAS.

Joggin' into Naas, my lad,
Joggin' to the fair,
Sure many a pleasant day I had
When I was younger there;
Along the road from Timahoe
With darkness on my face
I'd start before the first cock crow,
Joggin' into Naas.

A load of good black turf I'd have
Or else a pig or two,
A crate of fowl, a little calf,
And butther fresh as dew,
And then 'twould be " God save ye, Tim,"
From neighbors every place
As day came breakin' soft and dim
Along the road to Naas.

And sure 'tis often we'd be pressed
By friendly farmers there
To stop awhile and take a rest,
Meself and Moll the mare.

"Herself at Home"

And many's the steamin' cup of tea
I've lifted to my face
From some goodnatured "vanithee"
Along the road to Naas.

'Twas pleasant meetin' neighborin' men
And swappin' counthry chat,
For papers then were far between
And hard to get at that.
And pleasant sure it was to go
Sthravagin' round the place
For fairin's for herself at home
When I'd get back from Naas.

Aye, aye, an owld man loves to talk
Of things long passed away,
But though 'tis feeble grows my walk
I had my time and day
Along the road from Timahoe,
When dawnin' lit my face,
And joggin' to the fair I'd go,
Joggin' into Naas.

HUNTING THE WREN.

O, DON'T you remember over in Ireland when you
went hunting the wren,
And don't you wish you were over in Ireland this
day of St. Stephen again?
But sure the white-lipp'd ocean is flowing in billows
of drenching foam
Between the way that your feet are going and the
warm hearth lights of home.

'Twas Christmas time and the holly and ivy hung
from rafter and wall
And you slipped out to the garden slyly to answer
your comrades' call,
Your mother looked up with a smile (God bless
her), your father stood by the door,
The firelight flickered on shelf and dresser and
played on the earthen floor.

Outside the ways were rigid in winter, the skies
were heavy with snow,
But you and the weather were friends together
back there in the long ago.
Through hill and hollow and brake and brier you
scrambled the whole day through
Till the wee brown bird of your heart's desire was
lost in the dark on you.

There were Matt and Pat and Maurice and Andy,
there was Tim the leader of all,
There was Mike Malone, who could flip a stone
straight over a ten foot wall;
Brave lads, o'er many a wearier way their feet have
travelled since then,
But their hearts are as true to the past as you
when the wren days come again.

'Tis Christmas time in the old Land now, there is
brooding snow in the wind,
The turf light flickers on shelf and dresser with
holly and ivy twined.
But you and I by the stranger's hearth think back
to old times again,
To the dear home ways and the Stephen's days
when we went hunting the wren.

FISHING.

ONE day in summer I went a fishing
Where Dublin reaches to meet Kildare,
And nobly laden beyond all wishing
The cool of the evening found me there.
The bells from Leixlip were softly falling
Across the meadows in vesper chime,
And the song of a sleepy thrush was calling
The world to rest with his silver rhyme.

You came down walking beside the river,
  While corncrakes shrilled to the darkening skies,
And I the fisher, was caught forever
  By the lure of Love in your dreamy eyes.
The primrose blossoms were blooming round you,
  The winds were kissing your braided hair,—
Now the fish are safe since the day I found you
  Where Dublin reaches to meet Kildare.

A SPRING MEMORY.

Oh, it was in the pleasant spring weather,
  When daffodils shone on the lea;
A new bloom was bright on the heather
  And spring winds blew in from the sea;
A blackbird sweet music was making
  Below in the blossoming dell,
And nature to gladness was waking
  That day when we met at the well.

Your eyes were like Avon's brown water
  When shaded by summer-clad trees,
Your voice like the blackbirds in Oughter,
  Your step was as free as the breeze;
And I with my brimming pail lingered
  To while the sweet moments away,
Till evening came in dewy fingered
  And closed the dead eyelids of day.

We talked of the news and the weather,
And chatted of things round about:
How bright was the bloom of the heather,
How bravely the young leaves hung out;
And then in a whisper you told me
The story that ever is new,
And I with the stars to behold me
Repeated that love tale to you.

Alas for the days that are over!
Alas for the springs that are dead!
Alas for the dusky-eyed lover
Who lies with the mould at his head!
And though a March wind there is blowing
And daffodils shine on the lea,
An ocean is foaming and flowing
Between my far country and me!

But in the dim palace of dreaming
My fancy sees visions by night
Of dewy eyes, dusky and gleaming
Like Avon's waves checkered by light;
And sun-like in rain-darkened weather
This picture arises to me;
A youth and a maiden together
When spring winds blew in from the sea.

THE OLD LAND.

I KNOW a land far, far away,
Set in a northern sea,
Her hills are green and her skies are grey
And my heart is there by night and day;
For she's dearer than life to me.
Her sons are brave and her daughters fair
And her ways are sweet and kind,
And all that was best in my life is there,
Left far behind.

The days of my youth with their glooms and gleams,
Of passing joy and pain;
The golden hopes and the glorious dreams
I never will know again.
The meadow path and the sycamore shade,
The valleys where cowslips blow,
Where I and my comrades laughed and played,
Long, long ago.

How well I remember the old home place
With the fireside circle there,
The smile on my mother's gentle face;
My father's silvery hair.
O, the songs we sang and the tales we told
While wintry storms drove past
And the sands of life were as sands of gold
From Time's best hour glass cast.

Now my mother's lips are quiet and cold
And my father's heart is still,
The days are long and the world seems old,
And I sigh for a far-off hill,
Facing the track of the morning star
Where my kindred's ashes are.

Thus out of the clamor of toiling men
My heart, like a homing dove,
Flies back to the days of its youth again,
And the land of its earliest love.
For to be a child on those green field ways,
My mother's kiss on my brow,
Were better than all the glory and praise
This world can give me now.

O, beautiful Ireland! far away,
There is nothing so sweet and true
As your hills of green and your skies of grey
And the whole-souled ways of you;
Remembered as saints remember God—
Your children cannot forget
The olden ways and the olden sod,
(The cowslipped ways where their feet first trod),
And the churchyard grasses set
With drifts of daisies all dewy wet,
Where the graves of kindred are soft and deep.
And its O, to-night for so sweet a sleep,
In that Land I know, that old, old Land.

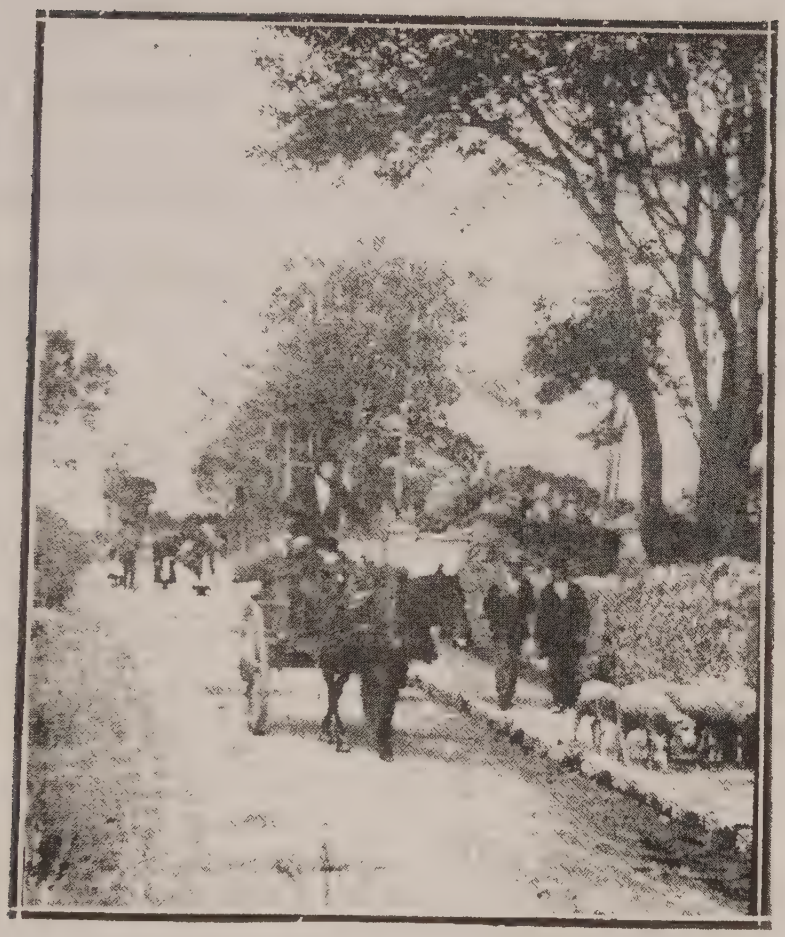
AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

WHAT did you say at the foot of the hill?
The winds had died and the snow was fallin',
The frosty hedges were white and still,
A robin out of the dusk was callin'.
But Love cares nothin' for winter's chill.
O, what did you say at the foot of the hill?

You said you would love me ever and ever,
You kissed me thrice in the gloamin' then,
And then you crossed o'er the big black River
Whence never comes word from the sons of men.
Where the frosty hedges are white and still
I wait to-night at the foot of the hill.

A lonesome wind from the dusk is callin',
The robin sleeps in his sheltered nest,
The velvety snow is fallin' and fallin'
Above the grasses that clothe your rest;
In the infinite Love of the Father's will
My soul claims you from the foot of the hill.

Over the woods that look to the west
A white star shines through the wintry air
And a thrill of peace from the world's unrest
Tells me 'tis well with you over there.
And so I'll be waitin' my time until
You seek me here at the foot of the hill.



"Along the Road to Dublin"

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN.

If I was on the rocky road, the rocky road to Dublin,
With nothing but a tinker's load, 'tis little I'd be throublin';
Within my fist a blackthorn stick and Irish brogues to walk in,
I'd fling my sorrows to old Nick and sing instead of talkin'.

Sthravagin' on from town to town and down old boreens jauntin',
The bite and sup and lyin' down, sure, I'd be never wantin',
For there the doors stand open wide on friend and stranger waitin',
And for an Irish turf fireside I've yet to see the batin'.

I'd pull primroses by the way and hear the larks and thrushes,
I'd watch the twilight shadows play among the greenin' bushes;
I'd find the place where long ago, ere years began their throublin',
I wandhered with a girl I know along the road to Dublin.

Och, och, my eyes are growin' dim, or is it tears that
blind me?—
Sure many a day she's gone to Him who put that
cross behind me,
But still her spirit walks abroad, where many a
sthrame is bubblin'
And winds are blowin' down the road, the rocky road
to Dublin.

Aye, there 'tis not the chilly look, the distant nod of
greetin',
But "bannacht leath," "God save ye," and "good
morrow," I'd be meetin',
'Twould be, "Sit down and rest awhile," and
"Arrah, what's your throublin' "?
For life has time for many a smile along the road
to Dublin.

Faith, sore, I'm parched for mist and rain, I'm sick
of sunny weather;
I want my blackthorn stick again, my brogues of
Irish leather.
Then give me but a tinker's load, 'tis little I'll be
throublin',
If undherneath me is the road, the rocky road to
Dublin.

KILDARE.

SAY, what of Kildare—is she waking or sleeping
Now the day of our testing is growing apace?
And mighty as winter-tossed billows onleaping
Wild "farrahs" ring out from the lips of our race!
What of Kildare, ever foremost and ready,
Whenever our war-flag was raised for the right,
Has she lifted her standard, true-hearted and steady,
Where Kildare ought to be—in the thick of the fight?

The shrine of St. Brigid whose Lamp ever burning
Shone out like a star on the ramparts of God,
The home of Lord Edward, our eagle of morning—
Could traitors abide on so sacred a sod!
Could fear of defeat or despair of a morrow
Find place where the ashes of Tone are at rest—
Is there room for a coward or time for a sorrow
With "Croom a boo" watchword and oak tree for crest!

No, from Naas to Maynooth rings the slogan of "Freedom."
From Newbridge to Leixlip, Kilcock to Athy,
The men of Kildarra are there when we need them
They know how to fight and they know how to die.

There the spirit of liberty hovers unsleeping
Where rebels and martyrs found birth and a grave,
And the murdered of Mullaghmast watch still are keeping
O'er fields never trod by the foot of a slave.

Sure the challenge she threw in the face of the foeman
Of old when her clans flashed their falchions in air
Is still to the fore for a finish, and no man
Shall humble the shield of Fitzgerald's Kildare.
Unconquered, invincible, steadfast forever,
With a hand for the south and the north and the west
The foremost in onset, the latest to waver,
She stands with the Counties, the first of the best.

Kildare is awake for she never has slumbered
Whenever the summons to battle went forth,
The deeds of her dead with the bravest are numbered
The sons of her soil are the salt of the earth.
As true as the Liffey that sweeps ever onward
Through sunshine and storming, through shadow and light.
Kildare holds her standard aloft in the vanguard
Where Kildare ought to be—in the thick of the fight.

THE OLD BOREEN.

Oh, do you remember the old boreen that is many a mile away,
And the rushy pool where the shades lay cool at the close of a summer day?
And do you remember the robin's song in the hawthorn hedge that grew
By the garden gate that so long must wait for a home-coming sight of you?

Oh, do you remember the low white house with its coating of yellow thatch,
The earthen floor and the open door that swung to a ready latch,
The fire of turf and the cheery hearth where you gathered at evening's fall,
The dresser shelf with its shining delph and the old clock on the wall?

Come, let us away from the noisy town, the clamor of crowded marts;
We will go where the pulse of life beats low to the music of quiet hearts,
Where corncrakes shrill through the scented dusk and dew-drenched meadows are sweet,
And the green, green sod like a balm from God hath healing for tired feet.

Down the winding ways of the old boreen we will
wander on spirit wings,
While the haunted air like a mystic's prayer is
a-quiver with namelesss things;
The crickets will chirp a welcome home and the
daisies look up to see,
While the long, long years that have drained our
tears shall fall from us, you and me.

We will take our way to the fairies' well, for deep in
its crystal flow
May linger gleams of those broken dreams we left
in the long ago;
Gazing again in its murmuring deeps we may see in a
blinding light
The care-free ways of our childhood days shine out
to our souls to-night.

Then when the low moon sinks in the west, and the
thrill of dawn is at hand,
We will wing our flight with the dying night to the
shores of this other land;
But the strength and peace of our reveries and the
balm of that sod so green
Will ease the strife of our exiled life so far from the
old boreen.

PATSY MAGUIRE.

OLD Patsy Maguire lived down in Athlone,
He'd a neat little cot and a field of his own,
His singing began with the first risen lark
And that same old "come all ye" would welcome the dark;
For only one song in the world did he know
And that was "a colleen dhas cruithin am bo."

His hair was as white and as thick as the frost
That lies on the meadows the phooka has crossed,
But the glint of his eye was as roguish and bright
As a daisy in May looking up to the light,
And the voice of him never a tremor did know
As he chanted "a colleen dhas cruithin am bo."

In the long winter nights there was never a fire
Could draw all the boys like the hearth of Maguire,
For he'd tell you of fairies and ghosts till your skin
Like a dead goose was puckered without and within,
And the road to your home was a horror beset
By all the dark "sperrits" that Patsy had met.

With the end of his stick in the ashes he'd show
How many a battle was fought long ago
When his grandfather shouldered the pike that was laid
By the side of his bed with the notch on its blade.

"Sure some of thim yeomen were tougher than wire
And steel couldn't stand thim," said Patsy Maguire.

He had starved in the famine, the fever had known,
He had stood with the boys who struck out for their
own;
He had dreamed with the dreamers, had met what
they met,
"But failure's a word that we haven't spelt yet,
And fightin's a game that all true men require
To keep thim contínted," said Patsy Maguire.

'Tis many a year since his footsteps were known
By the bridge and the river of storied Athlone,
And many a summer its riches has cast
O'er that sturdy old Fenian so true to the last;
But never a death chill could conquer the fire
That beat in the heart's blood of Patsy Maguire.

For far in those realms where brave men are blessed
And nothing's too good for earth's truest and best,
He is seated to-night in a place of his own
With a welcome for all from the town of Athlone;
And, whatever the songs of the seraphs, I know
He still sings "a colleen dhas cruithin am bo."

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

WHEN God unbarred the eastern gates for that great Day to rise
A burning flood of glory sped across His trackless skies,
It circled round the slumbering world in tongues of ghostly flame,
And fired the farthest tribes of men with Freedom's sacred name.

It rocked the thrones of despot kings as though an earthquake spoke;
It bade the cowering serf arise and spurn his galling yoke;
It whispered to the beaten slave of other days to be,
When he amongst his fellowmen should stand a Man, and Free.

By burning sands and icy wold that high Evangel went,
Till east and west and north and south in one red flame were blent;
And mankind, with a surging joy, felt in his soul the seed
Of God's eternal Liberty acclaim Columbia's deed.

O Land, whose flag the stars in heaven salute with answering call!
Whose stripes proclaim the bonds you broke for freemen one and all!

Whose hovering eagle screams abroad across the struggling earth—
"No power can hold a Nation down that claims its rights of birth!"

You hold the greatness of the days unborn to History yet;
You hold the sequel of the ways whose guiding stars are set;
The keys of time are yours, O Herald, who guards the future's fate,
For all the life streams of the world commingle in your gate.

In you the old world's dreams come true, the cry for breadth and space;
The yearning for a fuller life with sunshine on the face;
You are the goal of shackled feet, the covenantal ark
Of many a storm-tossed soul who sees your lightnings through the dark.

You taught in words of flaming fire a gospel fierce and free;
And sealed it with your blood before the shrine of Liberty;
You flung your challenge in the face of tyranny, and then
Invincible, triumphant, rose a Mecca unto men.

All hail, all hail, Columbia! God's high anointed one,
With feet upon His southern verge and forehead to His sun!
You caught the scattered lights of earth in one enduring ray
When Freedom's fires were loosed from Heaven that Independence Day.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

O LORD, as You lay so soft and white,
A Babe in a manger stall,
With the big star flashing across the night,
Did you know and pity us all?
Did the wee hands, close as a rosebud curled,
With the call of their mission ache,
To be out and saving a weary world
For Your merciful Father's sake?

Did You hear the cries of the groping blind,
The woe of the leper's prayer,
The surging sorrow of all mankind,
As You lay by Your Mother there?
Beyond the shepherds, low bending down,
The long, long road did You see
That led from peaceful Bethlehem town
To the summit of Calvary?

The world grown weary of wasting strife,
  Had called for the Christ to rise;
For sin had poisoned the springs of life
  And only the dead were wise.
But, wrapped in a dream of scornful pride,
  Too high were its eyes to see
A Child, foredoomed to be crucified,
  On a peasant Mother's knee.

But, while the heavens with glad acclaim
  Sang out the tale of Your birth,
A mystic echo of comfort came
  To the desolate souls of earth.
For the thrill of a slowly turning tide
  Was felt in that grey daybreak,
As if God, the Father, had sanctified
  All sorrow for One Man's sake.

O Child of the Promise! Lord of Love!
  O Master of all the earth!
While the angels are singing their songs above,
  We bring our gifts to Your birth.
Just the blind man's cry, and the lame man's pace,
  And the leper's pitiful call;
On these, over infinite fields of space,
  Look down, for You know them all.

THE OLD NORTH WALL OF DUBLIN.

THE old North Wall of Dublin, O, well 'tis it I know
Where lazy tides keep drifting in ceaseless ebb and flow,
The old North Wall of Dublin with the seagulls circling low.

The old North Wall of Dublin, 'tis there I'd be to-day
With salt winds sweeping in my face the breath of dancing spray
As tender as the mother's hands I left in Irish clay.

O, sure the paths are wearisome that exiled feet must tread
And many a wistful dream of home hangs round the exile's bed,
And many a bitter tear they know who eat the stranger's bread.

But over all the weariness and all the pains that be
Asthore, 'tis looking back we are o'er loncly leagues of sea
To the old North Wall of Dublin with the long tides running free.

Thank God in all our wandering for olden dreams
that stay,
For gleams beneath a scorching sun of dancing Irish
spray
And a wet wind blowing gladness o'er the old North
Wall to-day.

Thank God that somewhere in the years that circle
round the sun
One day is speeding swiftly when our exile will be
done
And down beside the old North Wall we'll see the
grey tides run.

We'll watch the seagulls wheeling out across the
misty strand
Where many a flower is blooming in that far and
pleasant land,
And the old North Wall of Dublin,—we will kiss it
where we stand.

THE CONNAUGHTMAN'S RAMBLES.

PLAY it again till the rill and the thrill of it
Gladdens my soul like a voice over seas,
Sing it and swing it till I get my fill of it
And all the sore places of life are at ease.

Fling it right up to the skies' high admiring,
For many a Connaughtman's rambles afar
Have touched such a passion of earthly aspiring
'Twas only the heavens that set him a bar.

There, sure I'm seeing a primrose in blossom,
There, sure I knew 'twas a shamrock I met;
Beauty of blooming and dreams of my bosom
God couldn't live if you weren't there yet.
Daisies and buttercups, fields full of clover,
Dawning and twilight and wonder of sod,
God couldn't live if I was not your lover
For worship of beauty is worship of God.

Over the world and down to the soul of it
The "Connaughtman's Rambles" have sounded their call,
Deep in our hearts is the mystical roll of it,
The passion for home that is tearing us all.
O, ye of her breast with the blood of her best in ye
Faring afar o'er so many a track,
Listen and hear 'tis to ye and the rest of ye
Old Connaught is calling "O, Childher, come back."

OUR MARTYRED THREE.

AYE, set them high on your gallows tree
  Where the noose of a hangman waits,
And the ribald cries of your rabble rise
  Outside of their prison gates;
Let them stand in the dawn of your murky skies
  So the nations of men may see
How Erin offers a sacrifice
  On the altars of Liberty.

The world hath plenty of mouthed wars
  And aims that the gods despise,
Was ever a victory blessed by Mars
  Achieved by a braggart's cries?—
No, the hero's blood and the bullet's hum
  Are Liberty's pangs of birth,
And by these must be settled the awful sum
  Of tyranny's debt to earth.

Then stand them high with their eyes to the light
  Those sons of a soldier race,
Each strand of their halter marks their right
  To glory's innermost place;
And their "God Save Ireland" boldly hurled
  From the portals of death will fling
Its echoes forever around the world
  While the soul of the Celt is King.

This day will die at the setting of sun,
But the fame of our noble Three
Will live till the uttermost sands are run
Of the Land that they died to free.
For the justice of God is lightning shod
And tyrants pass in a day
But the hero's word and the martyr's blood
Shall be saviors of men for aye.

And not for the land of their birth alone
Do they swing from your beams of shame,
But for every struggle the world has known
In Liberty's holy name.
For the striving Right against ruthless might
Wherever the bonds may bind
Young Allen, O'Brien and Larkin die
A ransom for all mankind.

CARRICKDHU.

LAST night 'tis I was dreamin'—and dreams are queer you know;
I dreamt I was in Ireland the same as long ago.
And Micky Moore the fiddler played all the tunes I knew,
Who danced the Rinnca Fadha beyond in Carrickdhu.

And there was Patsy Callaghan, and there was Mat Malone,
And little Timmy Sullivan, though long he's dead and gone;
And there was Kitty Shaughnessy, and all the girls I knew
Who danced the Rinnca Fadha with me in Carrickdhu.

A silver moon was shining above the mountain's crest,
And in the graveyard down below my mother lay at rest,
And Mickey Moore the fiddler played low, for old time's sake,
"The Coulin" and "The Blackbird" till I thought my heart would break.

Then Jamesy Murphy sang a song about the "Fenian Men,"
And Billy Daly followed with "A Nation Once Again,"
And Micky Moore the fiddler, who loved me fond and true,
Played all his music out to me that night in Carrickdhu.

O, when the ship that bore me sped to a stormy wind,
And all I ever loved were left so many a mile behind,
'Tis I was feeling sorely, the best in life I knew
Was there behind in Ireland, behind in Carrickdhu.

"The Old Fireside"

And so in nightly visions and dreamin' day by day
'Ts many a thing I'm seein' still is lyin' far away,
And many a tune I'm listenin' to from one who loved me true
Beyond in dear old Ireland, beyond in Carrickdhu.

THE OLD FIRESIDE.

'Tis sittin' by the stove I am where all the fire in sight
Would never raise a blisther on a baby's arm to-night.
The wind goes tearin' down the sthreet as though the imps below
Were out upon a picnic playin' ball with sleet and snow;
But I am seein' in my mind a hearthstone broad and wide
And a pile of Irish turf ablaze on the old fireside.

Wan side my mother sits and knits a stockin' meant for me
My father's in the corner seat, his paper on his knee
A candle on the shelf beside gives all the light he needs
And granny's prayin' for I hear the rattle of her beads.
And there's meself with naked shins a happy boy beside
The blessed heat and comfort of the old fireside.

Sometimes the wind and rain comes down the chimney with a shout
And mother signs the Cross to see the ashes dance about,
And father laughs and says "bedad, the phooka's out to-night,"
And granny whispers "hush, avic, some poor sowl's on its flight."
And then we get to thinkin' of the lonesome wans denied
For evermore the comfort of the old fireside.

The latch keeps liftin' now and thin as neighbors saunther in
With many a kind "God save all here" and "God save you agin,"
And soon from talkin' politics at fairy tales they'll be
With stools dhrawn up around the hearth as close as close can be;
Then no one wants to look behind afraid a ghost might hide
Among the flickering shadows of the old fireside.

I wondher where they are to-night, for sure when all is told
'Tis feelin' out of place they'd be on shinin' sthreets of gold;
But in the many mansions of the Father's House above
There may be humble corners where the poor can feel His love,

So in some friendly place apart where all their tears
are dried
I know I'll meet my neighbors by God's own Fire-
side.

WHEN I WAS LEAVING IRELAND.

WHEN I was leaving Ireland the leaves were falling
down,
A dreary mist was drifting above old Derry town;
The sun itself was clouded and frosty was the wind
When I was leaving Ireland who left my soul behind.

When I was leaving Ireland my parents wept full
sore,
The kindly neighbors gathered in to bless me o'er
and o'er,
I clung around the doorway, I gazed on sky and sod
When I was leaving Ireland that bitter day of God.

When I was leaving Ireland I watched the shore
line dip
Beyond the darkling waters that surged about the
ship,
Then, with a cry of longing none heard save Heaven
on high,
My soul sped back to Ireland to linger till I die.

And there at home in Ireland it is this blessed day
Though both my parents dead and gone have found
their [illegible] of clay;

It sees the dawns and twilights, it feels the winds
and rain,
And when I go to Ireland I'll find that soul again.

It may be that in living some ship may bear me o'er,
It may be that in dying the Saviour I adore
Will bid a kindly angel convey me to the sky
O'er some old road in Ireland I trod in years gone
by.

But I'll go back to Ireland, in life or death I'll go,
For there my soul is waiting with all the loves I
know;
By windy dawns 'tis waiting and twilights grey with
rain
And I must go to Ireland to find that soul again.

LIMERICK.

O, LIMERICK, Limerick, Limerick, your name on the
tip of my tongue
Is sweether than singin' of linnets when May on the
meadows is young,
'Tis kindher than dhrippin of honey or foamin' of
milk to the lips,
O, Limerick, Limerick, Limerick, my blessed old
Town of the ships.

As you sit on the banks of the Shannon, a Queen on a beautiful throne
You are sealin' the right hand of Erin with the gem of the Threaty Stone,
And the kindness and lovin' good nathure that fall from the shine of your face
Though spread o'er the rest of creation would leave us enough for the race.

Though over the ways of the world my feet may go lonesome and wild
'Tis ever the breast of the mother is sweetest repose for the child;
So some day, please God I'll come joggin' back to you with songs on my lips
O, Limerick, Limerick, Limerick, my blessed old Town of the ships.

CAPPAGH HILL.

'Twas just last night a dream I had
('Tis strange how dreams can thrill)
I dreamt I was a little lad
Beyond on Cappagh Hill.
'Twas neither cap nor coat I had
For summer days were fair,
And I was just a happy lad
Among the meadows there.

I saw the village roofs below,
The beeches green and cool,
The paths through "Cullen's fields" that go
Along the way to school.
I heard my mother's voice ring clear,
And then—I woke to know
The crash of Broadway on my ear
For that was long ago.

A NOGGIN OF BUTTERMILK.

You may boast of your drinking for time and a day,
You may talk of the "nectar of gods" as you may,
Sure they'd be like the drip of a faucet to me
By a noggin of buttermilk home in Kilfree.

In summer and winter, in autumn and spring,
The churn was there and the noggin in swing
And tinker and beggar and peddler were free
To drink lán a báile beyond in Kilfree.

I can see that big dairy with crocks full of cream
As yellow as gold in an old miser's dream,
I can taste how the butter like nuggets would be
On top of the noggins at home in Kilfree.

A sycamore fluttered its leaves by the latch
And swallows built year after year in the thatch,
And many a neighbor's tin bucket would be
Filled up in that dairy at home in Kilfree.

There was turf by the clampful and cows in the byre,
There was bacon in flitches and room by the fire,
There was lashings and leavings flahoolah and free
With a "cead mille failthe" beyond in Kilfree.

I'm sick of your wine and I'm sick of your ale,
Your champagne is tasteless, your liquor is stale,
For the draught of my childhood is calling to me,
'Tis a noggin of buttermilk home in Kilfree.

AS THE BANDS GO BY.

AYE, aye, aye, sure all day long I'm hearin' thim,
The blessed tunes I'm knowin' since I wasn't two foot tall;
Aye, aye, aye, sure all day long I'm cheerin' thim,
The Irish lads, avourneen, that you cannot bate at all.

Listen to the music, sure New York is goin' wild with it.
O, Harp that once old Tara knew 'tis you is great this day,
'And the green, green, green, sure the city like a child with it
Has dhressed itself in verdure like the bushes home in May.

"Pathrick's Day" and "Garryowen," "The Meetin'
of the Wathers,"
With "Come Back to Erin" ('tis the dearest of
thim all)
Although I'm now an old man with sthrappin' sons
and daughters
To-day I'm just a gorsoon still beyant in Donegal.

Aye, you're right, I'm cryin' but my tears like rain
in Erin
Are just a kind of tindherness because I love them
all,
The music and the marchin' and the Irish voices
cheerin'
For all the things I used to love at home in
Donegal.

And when beyant in Calvary my long, long rest I'm
keepin'
One day in all the year, bedad, I'll wake and claim
my own,
For when Saint Pathrick's Day is here how could a
man be sleepin'
While all the world is thrillin' to the lilt of Garry-
owen.

FIDDLER PHIL.

"COME give us a scrape of the fiddle" we said
And drew from the kitchen shelf
A fiddle as battered and old, bedad,
As Fiddler Phil himself;
For many a summer and winter had thrown
Their heat and cold in his face,
But his eyes held the beauty of old Tyrone
And the pride of a princely race.

With brick and mortar and sand and stone
His hands were roughened and brown,
But that fiddle had come from his own Tyrone
And spoke of his native town;
So he touched the strings unto passionate cries
That swept the breath from our lips,
While years of toiling and alien skies
Were bridged in a time eclipse.

We were back again in the wind-swept north,
Above us the low clouds sped,
Beneath our feet was our native earth
And the graves of our resting dead;
We saw the glories of old unroll—
O'Neill went forth to the fray,
And our hands were clenched in a storm of soul
For joy of a battle day.

Then came a rushing of Maytime rain
From the purple peaks of the hills,
We saw the young leaves sway in the rain,
The shimmer of daffodils.
We heard the calling of mating birds,
The laugh of a mountain stream,
While loch and fen and valley and glen
Were a glory of glint and gleam.

Then Fiddler Phil with his grey eyes set
O'er the verge of an unseen world
Muted the strings unto awful things
From the edge of a black night hurled;
The Banshee cried and our souls replied
As we shivered like reeds astir,
For the spirit of Erin was scourged again
And we wailed to the gods with her.

Then rising up to the heights of life
In a frenzy of joy and pride
He drew us out of the stress and strife
To the place where our dreams abide;
We saw the Land of our yearning stand
In Liberty's flame of day,
And the Lords of the law arise to draw
The veils from her face away.

That wonder of melody died away,
Phil laid his fiddle aside,—
"Sure its old and cold like meself" said he
"For it died when my young days died."

"O, there is no death for your fiddle or you,"
We whispered in broken tone
"While hearts are loyal and souls ring true
To the spirit of old Tyrone."

WHEN MIKE CAME BACK.

We stood beside the door, meself and Kate,
Watchin' and listenin' down the boreen's thrack,
A wild rose swung above the garden gate
When Mike came back.

The ripened meadows waited for his hand,
The praties lingered for his spade to sthrike,
And sure meself and Kate could hardly stand
That watch for Mike.

And then he came, we heard the pony's throt,
A blackbird whistled from the garden dyke,
But Kate and I saw nothin' but a blot
Of tears—and Mike.

"Avic machree," said I, but Kate flung wide
Her arms to hold him where his life had sthrike,
And like a baby on her breast he cried
Our big son, Mike.

TAKIN' TAY AT RIELLYS'.

ARRAH, did you know the Riellys that lived near
Donadea?—
A fine old-fashioned place they had as snug as snug
could be,
And sure for dacint people you couldn't bate thim
round
The two and thirty counties of Ireland's blessed
ground.

'Tis often I am thinkin' of Sundays afther Mass
Whin down the mossy boreen that skirts their door
I'd pass,
And "Come inside and rest yourself agra," Herself
would say,
And thin we'd have potato cake and a cup of Irish
tay.

Such tay it was, with cream, bedad, and plinty more
in sight,
And sure the hot potato cake I'm tastin' here
to-night,
'Twas butthered in the middle with the butther
runnin' through
And faith, with all respects to ye, my face was
butthered too.

My stomach's sick and tired of the food 'tis gettin' now
With "buttherine" and milk in tins that never saw a cow,
And once a woman says to me "I always take *my* tay
With a slice of limon in it for that's the Russian way."

I never was a Russian, a Frinchman or a Jew,
I'm Irish every inch of me and my tastes are Irish too,
I like a dish of cabbage with corned beef or pork
But O, for hot potato cake I'd go from here to Cork.

And Bridget Rielly was the one to make ye dhrink and ait,
Ye'd never lave her table while a crumb was on your plate,
She never kept an impty pot nor griddle on her floor
Or shut agin a neighbor's face the latchpin of her door.

It isn't goold I'm wantin', though money's good ye know,
And sure my health is fine, thank God as twinty years ago.
But I'm lonesome for the Riellys, this many a weary day
And I'm hungry for potato cake and a cup of Irish tay.

IN THE SPRING O' THE YEAR.

IN the spring o' the year we two went walkin',
O, but the greenin' meadows were sweet,
And God to His world of love was talkin'
In every daisy about our feet.
My heart was singin' with joy and laughter,
O, soul of my bosom, if I but knew
The desolate days that were speedin' afther
When I'd go walkin' no more with you.

In the spring o' the year you lay adyin',
The greenin' meadows were wild with rain
And God to His world of woe was sighin'
In every splash on the window pane;
Dhroopin' to rest like a sea beat swallow
I felt you slippin' away from me,
And the pitiful feet of me could not follow
Beyond those shadows of mysthery.

Now years keep comin' and years keep goin',
'Tis little I heed them green or grey,
Watchin' the river of life whose flowin'
Must sometime bring me a brighter day.
Then spring o' the year or depth of winther
God will be talkin' of joy agin
To me and His world when I shall inther
The same soft shadows where you went in.

PARNELL.

LIFT him up in the place of his people, let him stand
where the crowds go by,
The man who was pledged for our liberty, the man
who can never die,
O'er the streets of that ancient city where the breath
of his soul was blown
Let him stand like a mighty Ard Ri that hovers
above his own.

Let the lips that unleashed our passions and the
hands that for us threw down,
The challenge of Man for his liberty be set over
Dublin town;
Let the dawn of our day be golden and the rain of
our night be sweet
Where the glory and pride of Erin are wreathed
about his feet.

Lift him up in the place of his people, let the surge
of their love be hurled
To the face that was turned in strength to them
from all the claims of the world,
While the nations of men are travailing in joy of a
ransomed birth
Set him here where the Celt is fashioning the crown
of his fate on earth.

Patriot, hero or demagogue—what matter the cry he met,
On the scroll of eternal liberty the place of his fame is set,
And there will the royal greatness that shadowed the might of kings
Be one with the spirit of man that lies at the core of created things.

Lift him up in the place of his people, for the earth's soul quickens apace,
And the nations of men are standing heart riven and face to face
Gauging the dreams that a race may dare whatever that race may be,
For the tribes of God know but one free sod on the summits of Liberty.

Lift him up in the place of his people, on the road that is free to men,
Where never a tyrant dares to flaunt the shame of our bonds again;
O'er the streets of that ancient city, where the breath of his soul was blown,
Let him stand like a mighty Ard Ri that hovers above his own.

THE OLD BOG ROAD.

My feet are here on Broadway this blessed harvest morn
But O, the ache that's in thim for the sod where I was born;
My weary hands are blisthered from toil in cold and heat
And 'tis O, to swing a scythe to-day through fields of Irish wheat.
Had I my choice to journey back or own a king's abode
'Tis soon I'd see the hawthorn tree by the old bog road.

Whin I was young and innocent my mind was ill at ease
Through dhramin' of America and goold beyant the seas,
Och, sorra take their money but 'tis hard to get that same—
And what's the whole world to a man whin no one spakes his name!
I've had my day and here I am with buildin' bricks for load
A long three thousand miles away from the old bog road.

My mother died last springtime whin Ireland's
fields were green,
The neighbors said her wakin' was the finest ever
seen,
There were snowdrops and primroses piled up
around her bed
And Ferns Church was crowded whin her funeral
Mass was said.
And here was I on Broadway with buildin' bricks for
load
Whin they carried out her coffin from the old bog
road.

There was a dacint girl at home who used to walk
with me,
Her eyes were soft and sorrowful like moonbames
on the sea,
Her name was Mary Dwyer,—but that is long ago
And the ways of God are wiser than the things a
man may know.
She died the year I left her, but with buildin' bricks
for load
I'd best forget the times we met on the old bog road.

Och, life's a weary puzzle, past findin' out by man,
I take the day for what it's worth and do the best
I can,
Since no one cares a rush for me what need to make
a moan,
I go my way and dhraw my pay and smoke my pipe
alone.

Each human heart must know its grief though bitther
be thc load
So God be with old Ireland and the old bog road.

THE ANCIENT RACE.

I DREAMED that from Time's high threshold I saw
a vision of earth
Since out of primeval chaos the first lands blossomed
forth,
And the warring hosts in battalions for Right and
Wrong were arrayed
'Gainst the souls of men and of nations when God's
first laws were made.

And up through the changing ages strange forms and
tribes of men
Arose from the gloom to vanish like wraiths in the
gloom again.
And many a proud dominion went down with its
thrones and kings
Like a story heard in the twilight—to the place of
forgotten things.

I saw the slave in his bondage shrink back from the
scourger's hands,
And the blood of a million martyrs flow red over
ruined lands;

Then, lo, on a shifted morrow the slave by his master stood
And the crimson tide was a ruby in the crown of man's brotherhood.

Then spake I unto the Watcher who stands for aye in the Gate.
Keeper he of the records men write on the books of Fate,
"Show me with clearer vision, O, Thou of the scrolls divine!
The story of mine own people in the house of their life and mine."

The Watcher smiled as he answered,—"Dost fear for the Celtic race!—
Behold by the north star's shining they stand in their destined place."
And then with a shock of vision I saw what the high gods see
Whose hands on the Nations' heartstrings make failure or victory.

A continent old and hoary, grown mad in its vain desires,
O'erthrown in a swirl of waters and crash of a thousand fires,*

*According to an ancient legend, Ireland arose from the ocean after the old continent of Atlantis was submerged thereby.

Then, lo, as the darkness lifted in an aura of light
divine,
Uprose the home of my people 'neath the star of
their fates and mine.

Purified, holy and verdant stood Eire in safe retreat,
With the winds of dawn on her forehead, the surges
about her feet;
While out of the highest heavens I heard the decree
roll forth—
"With the leaven of this my daughter I shall leaven
the tribes of earth."

O, many the days of glory when the light of her
learning shone
Through the dim byways of a world that sighed for
a glimpse of dawn.
When the fame of her saints and sages was bright as
her own green sod
Ere the awful hour of her testing was struck from
the chimes of God.

Then saw I her altars shattered, her shrines in the
dust laid low,
And through the halls of her broken kings the feet
of a foeman go,
With her eyes to the north star lifted she stood by
her slaughtered dead,
The Lord's Handmaid of the world a beggar for
alms and bread.

In bondage and persecution, in famine and fever ships
Were her children beaten and scattered, their death cries searing her lips.
And as ever the blood-stained ages grew darker with woe and dread
I turned me unto the Watcher,—"Have pity, and spare," I said.

But the Watcher smiled as he answered,—"Would'st weep for the Celtic race?—
Behold in the noonday shining they go to their destined place."
And then with unveiled vision I saw in a blazing glow
The exiled ranks of my people to the heart of the whole world go.

Raising temples and cities, sailing o'er trackless seas,
Priests and soldiers and pioneers, builders in war and peace,
While ever their homage and yearning went back with a love divine
To the shrine of their souls behind them—the land of their hearts and mine.

Again I turned to the Watcher—"How endeth the tale?" I said,
"Shall this mother of heroes and sages be a land of the quick or the dead?"

But ever he smiled in answer,—"Fear not, for the Celtic race
Is tested and weighed by the gods who made their first and their final place."

Then, lo, in a blaze of glory stood Eire, our love of the lands,
With a Victor's smile on her forehead and peace in her chainless hands;
While out of the highest Heavens the jubilant cry rang forth
"With the leaven of this my daughter I have leavened the tribes of earth."

THE CUCKOO'S CALL.

O, WHAT is it I'm dhreamin' of from weary day to day?—
'Tis Spring beyant in Ireland and me so far away.
And what is it I'm hearin' clear above the city's glare,—
Och sure it is the cuckoo's call at home in old Kildare.

Aye, Spring is there in Ireland with lambs upon the hills
And rainy breezes playin' with the yalla daffodils,
Primroses peepin' by the hedge and daisies everywhere
While thrushes sing their songs of love from greenin' bushes there,

Across the wild Atlantic it is beatin' on my lips
That little wind of April like a baby's finger tips,
'Tis dhrivin' me to madness for the things I want
to-day
With Spring beyant in Ireland and me so far away.

'Tis beatin' on my heartsthrings and 'tis beatin' on
my breast
'Tis callin' me to Ireland with a cry that will not
rest,
To buddin' branch and bramble and sloe threes
glimmerin' white
And little sthreams that whisper there down every
wind of night.

O, greenin' heart of Ireland three thousand miles
from me
My arms to you I'm reachin' out across the salty sea;
The cuckoo's call rings through my blood, across
the world 'tis blown
For Spring is there in old Kildare and I'm alone,—
alone.

ROLL BACK THE STONE.

Roll back the stone, for the Lord hath spoken
And dawn is white where her night was known,
Behold her fetters of death are broken
And Erin is risen—roll back the stone!

Do you feel the thrill of her coming, nations,
Whose proud feet trampled her, blood and bone,
Or wist ye not that her centuried patience
But bided His summons? Roll back the stone!

Roll back the stone, for the truth and glory
Of every aeon since time was young
Are shrined in the dreams of her unwrit story,
From deep to deep of the ages swung;
For the lords of life at the first words spoken
Set seal on the Celt as their chosen own
To toil and serve till the bonds where broken
From man and his mission. Roll back the stone!

O! hers was a spirit no death could stifle,
The greatest in loving, the least in hate,
The foremost where Liberty primed her rifle
And Freedom was wrung from the depths of fate.
Yea, when her own green flag was lying
A broken reed by a broken throne,
Her soul from the ramparts of life was crying
Defiance to tyrants. Roll back the stone!

Roll back the stone, for she stands immortal,
A watcher of time by the war lords shod,
And who but her heroes shall guard the portal
Whence laws swing down from the courts of God?
And who shall reign on the heights forever
But she who lay in the dust alone,
And who will rule but the soul that never
Was stained with dishonor? Roll back the stone!

Roll back the stone, for with hell below her
And arms outspread on a centuried cross
She won all the ways of the world to know her
And agonize there with her, loss by loss.
And so in a passion of joy and wonder
She stands in the dawn where her night was known,
While the angels of Liberty chant in thunder
"She is risen, is risen." Roll back the stone!

THRAMPIN' DOWN TO SLIGO.

THRAMPIN' down to Sligo with my peddler's cart,
There's Dublin left behind me and the plains of Kildare,
Thrampin' down to Sligo and the ways of my heart
Where Maurya's waitin' for me in her grey-sthreaked hair;
Just the same dear woman that I kissed by Loch Gill
Thirty-seven years ago and my Maurya still.

I'm sick of Dublin city with its noise and its fret,
I'm sick of sellin' vanithees my wares by the road,
For down beyond the Shannon the blackthorn bushes set
Their little blossoms out to say that Spring is abroad:

And one old thrush I'm knowin' these five years and more
Is settin' up her nest beside my own cabin door.

My little donkey's tired and I am tired too,
When sixty years are on you what joy is there in life
But to rest beside the things you know are always thrue,
And what to man is thruer than his home and his wife!—
So I'm thrampin' down to Sligo, to my own heart's share
Where Maurya's waitin' for me in her grey-sthreaked hair.

The nights are sweet about me and the dawns rain grey
And every step I go is over good Irish sod,—
"Were you ever in America?" a man said yesterday,
"Begor, I never was," said I, "I thank my God;"
So I'm thrampin' down to Sligo where the sea winds race
And there's welcome waitin' for me in my Maurya's face.

BONFIRE NIGHT IN IRELAND.

'Tis Bonfire Night in Ireland, God, but the years go fast,
And here's myself a lonesome man who lives but in the past,
The long day's work is over and stars come out above
But sure they're not the stars of home, the ones I used to love;
And neither is this burning night like that old night in June
When Tommy Casey whistled up "The Rising of the Moon."

Sure that same boy could make the dead get up and stir their feet,
I'd rather spend an hour with him than all I drink or eat,
Beginning soft and easy with "The Harp" or "Shrule Aroon"
'Tis soon he'd have you fighting mad with some old Fenian tune;
But when he'd start the "Rocky Road" or "'Humors of Glandore,"
A blind and bothered cripple couldn't help but welt the floor.

O, Lord, those nights in Ireland with the meadows ripe to mow
And corncrakes' voices telling you old things of long ago.
I can see the big moon rising now, a globe of silver white,
I can smell the hawthorn blossoms here across this scorching night,
Aye, flinging all the years behind, I live that night in June
When Tommy Casey whistled up "The Rising of the Moon."

With our kippeens on our shoulders where our fathers' pikes were drawn
We marched about the ashes as the day began to dawn,
And the call of all the ages flung its challenge in our face
As we pledged our lives to Ireland and the glory of the race;
And there stood Tommy Casey whistling up to Heaven the tune,
That made us freemen for a while, "The Rising of the Moon."

Oh, well, 'tis all a memory now, and I'm a lonesome man,
While Tommy Casey sleeps to-night below by San Juan.

Aye, sure he died for liberty for when she lifts her hand
What better henchmen has she than the sons of that old land,
Whose lives and souls and deeds for her have woven such wondrous tune
That Gabriel's trumpet knows by now " The Rising of the Moon!"

'Tis Bonfire Night in Ireland, and the hawthorn still is sweet,
While Murphy's cross-roads echo to the thrill of dancing feet;
There's laughter, love, and music, and a big moon shining white,
But, O, my God, the weary miles that part us all to-night.
And there is none to take his place, who stood that night in June,
And made us freemen for a while with " The Rising of the Moon."

THE OLD ROAD HOME.

I WOULD know it in the darkness were I deaf and dumb and blind,
I would know it o'er the thrashing of a million miles of foam,
I would know it sun or shadow, I would know it rain or wind,
The road that leads to Ireland, aye, the old road home.

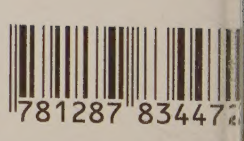
Sure the angels up in Heaven would be pointing it to me
From every track that man has made since first he learned to roam,
And my feet would leap to greet it like a captive thing set free
The road that leads to Ireland, aye, the old road home.

I would find the hawthorn bushes, I would find the boreen's gap
With one old cabin standing 'mid the soft greening loam,
If the world was all a jumble on the great Creator's lap
I would know the road to Ireland, aye, the old road home.

'A DHOC AN DHORRIS.

HERE where my rhymes are ended and you leave the old for the new
I'm pledging a dhoc an dhorris, O, friends of my heart to you,
I know that my simple singing will fade from your ears as soon
As the song of a wayside robin you heard by the road in June;
But the dreams I have dreamed for Ireland, please God they will never die
Till we're drinking a dhoc an dhorris to the world itself,—Good-bye.

CPSIA information can be obtained
at www.ICGtesting.com
Printed in the USA
BVOW08s2152211117
501000BV00016B/802/P



This is a reproduction of a book published before 1923 or a book otherwise in the public domain. This book may have occasional imperfections such as missing or blurred pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were either part of the original artifact, or were introduced by the scanning process. We believe this work is culturally important, and despite the imperfections, have elected to bring it back into print as part of our continuing commitment to the preservation of printed works worldwide. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections in the preservation process, and hope you enjoy this valuable book.